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(Continued.)  
Nor was this all. Behind the perpendicular arm or spur that ran out into the sea of mesquite rose a low hill that was itself in the nature of an inner spur, although since it failed to reach the mountain it might be regarded as a



"I always did despise company."

long flat island surrounded by the calm green tide. This innermost arm or island was so near the mountain that the entrance to it opened into a curved inner world of green, was narrow and strongly protected. The cove thus formed presented a level floor of ten or twelve acres, and it was directly down into this cove that Willock gazed. It looked so peaceful and secure and its openness to the sunshine was so alluring that Willock resolved to descend the steep wall. To do so at that point was impracticable, but the ridge was unequal and not far to the right sank to a low divide, while to the left a deep gully thickly set with cedars, elms, scrub oaks and thorn trees invited him with its steep but not difficult channel to the ground.

"Here's a choice," observed Willock as he turned toward the divide. "Guess I'll go by the front and save the back stairs for an emergency." The gully was his back stairs. He was beginning to feel himself rich in architectural possibilities. When he reached the plain he was outside of a line of hummocks that effectively hid the cove from sight, more effectively because of a dense grove of pecans that stood on either side of the grass grown hummocks. Instead of crossing the barrier he started due south for the outer prairie, and when at last he stood midway between the wide jaws of the mountain horse-shoe he turned and looked intently toward the cove.

It was invisible, and his highest hopes were realized.  
Willock now advanced on the cove and found himself presently in a snug retreat that would have filled with delight the heart of the most desperate highwayman or the most timid settler.  
No horsemen could enter the cove save by means of a low trench, which was the hand of man in the granite hill, and as Indian horsemen were the only enemies to be dreaded, his watchfulness need be concentrated only on that one point. "Nothing like variety," observed Willock cheerfully. "This will do capital for my summer home! I'm going to live like a lord—while I'm living."

The next day he began asserting the contents of his granite home, moving to the task with conscientious slowness, stopping a dozen times to make excursions into the outside world. By diligent economy of his working moments he succeeded in covering almost two weeks in the labor of putting his house into order. His bedroom was next to the barricade that separated the long stone excavation from the bottomless abyss. Divided from the bedroom by an imaginary line was the storeroom of provisions.

In arranging his retreat he had left undisturbed the wagon tongue, which was for use in making a dugout in the cove.

To this enterprise he was prompted not only by a desire to vary his monotonous days, but to insure safety from possible foes. Should a skulking savage, or what would be worse, a stray member of the robber band, catch sight of him among the hills the spy would spread the news among his fellows. A relentless search would be instituted, and even if Willock succeeded in escaping, the band would not rest till it had discovered his hiding place. If they came on the dugout their search would terminate, and his home in the cove would escape investigation, but if there was no dugout to satisfy curiosity the cove would most probably be explored.

Transporting the timbers across a mile of ridges and granite troughs was no light work, and when his tools and material were in the cove the digging of the dugout was protracted because of the closeness of water to the surface. At last he succeeded in excavating the cellar at a spot within a few

yards of the mountain. He leveled down the walls till he had a chamber about twelve feet square. Over this he placed the wagon tongue, converting it into the ridgepole, which he set upon forks cut from the nearby cedars. Having trimmed branches of the trees in the grove, he laid them as close together as possible, starting from the ridgepole to the ground, and over these laid the cedar branches. This substantial roof he next covered with dirt, heaping it up till no glimpse of wood was visible under the hard packed dome.

Of the sideboards he fashioned a rude frame, then a door to stand in, fitted into grooves that it might be pushed and held into place without hinges. Later he strode forth from the only exit of the cave and skirted the southern wall of the range, looking for game. It was late in the afternoon when he returned. He descended the dirt steps and set the door to one side. Without at first understanding why, he became instantly aware that some one had been there during his absence.

#### CHAPTER III. A Mysterious Guest.

OF course, as soon as Brick's eyes could penetrate the semi-gloom sufficiently to distinguish small objects, he saw the proof, but even before that the air seemed tingling with some strange personality. He stood like a statue, gazing fixedly. His alert eyes, always on guard, had assured him that the cove was deserted. There was no one to look behind him. Whoever had been there must have scaled the mountain and had either crossed to the plain on the north or was hiding behind the rocks. What held his eyes to the stove was a heap of tobacco and a clay pipe beside it.

After a few minutes of immobility he entered, placed the meat on a box and departed softly, closing the door behind him. Casting apprehensive glances along the mountainside, he stole toward it and made his way up the gully. Not pausing at the crevice, he went on to the outer northern ridge of the range and, lying flat among some high rocks, looked down.

He counted seventeen men near the spot from which he had removed the wagon. Fifteen were on horseback, and two riderless horses explained the presence of the two on foot. All of them had drawn up in a circle about the heap of stones that covered the woman's burial place. Of the seven men, six were Indians, and the seventh, and adorned for the warpath. The remaining man, he who stood at the head of stones beside the chief, was a white man, and at the first glance Willock recognized him. He was the dead woman's husband, Henry Gledware.

Brick's mind was perplexed with vain questionings. Was it Gledware who had visited his dugout or the Indians? Did the pipe and tobacco indicate a peace offering? What was the relationship between Gledware and these Indians? Was he their prisoner, and were they about to burn him upon the heap of stones? He did not seem alarmed. Had he made friends with the chief by promising to conduct him to the deserted war? If so, what would they think in regard to the war's disappearance? Had the dugout persuaded them that there was no other retreat in the mountains?

While Brick watched in agitated suspense several Indians leaped to the ground at a signal from the chief and advanced toward the white man. The chief turned his back upon the company and started toward the mountains, his face turned toward Brick's place of observation. He began climbing upward, the red feather in his hair gleaming against the green of the cedars. Brick had but to remain where he was to reach forth his hand presently and seize the warrior, but in that case those on the plain would come swarming up the ascent for vengeance.

Brick darted from his spot, swept like a dipping swallow across the ravine and, snatching up the rope ladder from its nook under the bowlder, scurried down into the granite chamber. Having removed the ladder, he crept to the extremity of the excavation and with his back against the wall and his gun held in readiness awaited the coming of the chief. After the lapse of many minutes he grew reassured. The Indian, thinking the dugout his only home, had passed the crevice without the slightest suspicion.

However, lest in thrusting forth his head he call attention to his home in the rock, he kept in retreat the rest of that day. Nor did he venture forth that night.  
One bright warm afternoon in October two years later Brick Willock sat smoking his pipe before the open door of his dugout. In repose he always sat when in the cove with his face toward the natural roadway. It was thus he hoped to prevent surprise from a hidden horseman, and it was thus that on this particular afternoon he detected a shadow creeping over the reddish brown stone passage.

At first glimpse of that shadow of a feathered head Willock flung himself down the dirt steps leading to the open door. Now, lying flat, he directed the barrel of his gun over the edge of the level ground, covering an approaching horseman. As only one Indian came into view and as this Indian was armed in a manner as astounding as it was irresistible, Willock rose to his height of six feet three, lowered his weapon and advanced to meet him.

When he was near, the Indian—the same chief from whom Willock had fled on the day of his intended house-

warming—sprang lightly to the ground and lifted from the horse that defense which he had borne in front of him on penetrating the cove. It was the child for whose sake Willock had separated himself from his kind.

At first Willock thought he was dreaming. The Indian made a sign to the little girl to remain with the horse, then he glided forward, holding some what ostentatiously, a filled pipe in his extended hand.  
"Was it you that left a pipe and tobacco on my stove two-years ago?" Willock asked abruptly.  
"Yes. You got it? We will smoke." He seated himself gravely on the ground.

Willock went into the cabin and brought out the clay pipe. They smoked. Willock cast covert glances toward the girl. She stood slim and straight, her face rigid, her eyes fixed on the horse. Her limbs were bare and a blanket that descended to her knees seemed her only garment. The face of the sleeping child of five was the same, however, as this of the seven-year-old maid, except that it had grown more beautiful.

Willock was wonderfully moved, so much so that his manner was harsh, his voice gruff in the extreme.  
"Where'd you find her?"  
"Not been lost. Her safe all time. Sometime in one village—here, then there, two, three—move her about. Safe all time. I never forget. There she is. You take her?"  
"Yes, I'll take her. Where's her daddy?"

"Him great man."  
"Well go ahead; tell the rest of it."  
"Him settle among my tribe; him never leave our country. Big country, fat country, very rich. Him change name—everything; him one of us. Marry my daughter. That girl not his daughter—daughter of dead woman. Keep her away from him all time so him never see white man, white woman, white child, forget white people, he good Indian. The girl make him think of dead woman. When a man marry again, not good to remember dead woman."

He rose, straight as an arrow and turned his grim face toward the horse.  
"I see. And you don't want to tell me where he is, because you want him to forget he is a white man?"  
"Him always live with my people; him marry my daughter."  
"Tell me this, is he far away?"  
"Very far. Many days. You never find him. You stay here, keep girl and me and my people your friends. You come after him—not your friends."

"Why, bless your heart, I never want to see that man again. Your daughter is welcome to him, but I'm afraid she's got a bad bargain. This girl's just as I'd have her—unencumbered. I'm awfully glad you come, pardner."  
He strode forward and addressed the girl, "Are you willing to stay with me, little one?"  
She shrank back from the wild figure. During his two years of hiding in the mountains Willock had cared nothing for his personal appearance. His garments on disintegrating had been replaced by skins, thus giving an aspect of assorted colors and materials rather remarkable.

He was greatly disconcerted by her attitude. "I guess I've been so much with myself that I ain't noticed my outside as a man ought. Won't you make your home with me, child?" He held out his rough hand appealingly.

She retreated farther, saying with disapproval, "Much hair!"  
Willock laid his hand on his breast, returning, "Much hair!"  
"Him white," said the Indian, swinging himself upon his horse. "Him save your life. Some time me come visit, come eat, come stay with you."  
As he wheeled about she held out her arms toward him, crying wildly: "Don't go! Don't leave me! Him much hair!"

The Indian dashed away without turning his head.  
"Good Lord, honey," exclaimed Willock, at his wife's ends, "don't cry! I can't do nothing if you cry. Won't you come look at your new home?"  
"Hole in the ground," cried the girl desperately. "I want my tepee. Am I a prairie dog?"

"No, honey, you ain't. You and me is both white, and we ought to live together. It ain't right for you to live with red people that kills and burns your own kith and kin."  
She looked at him repelantly through her streaming tears. "Big hair!" she cried.  
"And must I cut it off? I'll make my head as smooth as yonder bald-headed mountain peak if it'll keep you from crying."

Her sobbing grew less violent. Despite his ferocious aspect, no fear could remain in her heart at sight of that distressed countenance, at sound of those conciliatory tones.

"I'm going to do whatever you say, honey, and you're going to be the queen of the cove. Ain't you never been lonesome among all them red devils? Ain't you missed your poor mammy as died crossing the plains? It was me that buried her. Ain't you knowed how it felt to want to lay your head on somebody's shoulder and slip your little arms about his neck and go to sleep like an angel whatever was happening around? I guess so! Well, that's me too. Here I've been for two long years, never seeing nothing but wild animals or prowling savages till the last few months when a settler comes to them mountains seven mile to the southwest. Looked like I'd die sometimes, just having myself to entertain."

"You lonesome, too?" said the girl, looking up incredulously. She drew a step nearer, a wistful light in her dark eyes.  
The man stretched out his arms and dropped them to his side heavily.  
"Like that," he cried—"just empty!"  
"I stay," she said simply.  
"You ain't afraid now, are you, little one?"  
(To be continued.)

The man who will sit out an hour and a half on a freezing day to see a football game may be the same one who caught cold because his wife did not build a fire.

JUST ARRIVED.  
FRENCH AND DUTCH BULBS  
JOHN RECK & SON.

The National Association of Postmasters opened their annual convention at Washington.

Robert Hamer, aged 60, who claims to be an American owning much property in Washington, was arrested in London for not registering as an alien.

**THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL**  
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Every student given special attention by experienced teachers: one to three vocally. Morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. Outdoor and indoor athletics.  
Her faces rigid, her eyes fixed on the school from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., after August 30. For other hours, telephone 842. L28 \*11

#### REGISTRARS' NOTICE

The General Registrars of Voters will be in session, at their office, Room 4, Masonic Temple, 1009 Broad street, on Monday, October 25, 1915, from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of correcting and renaming names appearing on the list under the head "To be made," who are found qualified. Per order Board of Selectmen.  
JAMES TURNER, President.  
JOSEPH MCCARTHEY, Clerk.  
CHARLES QUINTAL.  
LAWRENCE FOLEY.  
JAMES MASSEY. G 19 d \*

#### SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Board of Selectmen and Town Clerk of the town of Bridgeport, will be in session in the Masonic Temple, 1009 Broad street, on Saturday, Oct. 23rd and Monday, Oct. 25th from 9 a. m. till 7 p. m. for the purpose of admitting as electors all persons whose names appear on the list under the head "To be made," who are found qualified. Per order Board of Selectmen.  
JAMES TURNER, President.  
JOSEPH MCCARTHEY, Clerk.  
CHARLES QUINTAL.  
LAWRENCE FOLEY.  
JAMES MASSEY. G 19 d \*

**STATE OF CONNECTICUT.**  
DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss.  
PROBATE COURT, October 19, 1915.

Estate of Chauncey Plough, late of the town of Bridgeport in said district deceased.  
The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be deemed a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to  
JULIA PLUGH,  
Administrator. 181 Thompson St. G 20 a \*p

#### —AT DEVON—

**Kensington Park**  
**Tomorrow**  
**BIG OFFERING**  
**TERMS REASONABLE**  
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Take the New Haven or Walnut Beach trolley, get off at Beard's Corner and walk north 700 feet

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Leave Port Jefferson.....9:00 A. M.  
Leave Bridgeport.....3:00 P. M.  
Single Fare 75c; returning Round Trip Ticket, \$1. Good any time during the season. Children between 5 and 12 years, half fare. Special Excursion Tickets to return same day only, from Port Jefferson every Friday, fare 50c. Automobile transportation given and beds thoroughly cured with it works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

Over 10,000 Testimonials Like These:  
Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Secty. Grand Lodge of Masons of New York City writes that: "Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me."  
Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."  
Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 70 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours, I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this uncollected."  
Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell a rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medical Co., 117 East 54th St., New York, N. Y.

**BRIDGEPORT LINE**  
**TO**  
**NEW YORK**  
Fare 60 Cents  
STEAMER NAUGHTON  
Leave Bridgeport, Paquonock Wharf, foot of Union Street, daily except Saturday, at 11 night. Returning, leaves New York daily, except Sunday, Pier 28 E. R., 11 A. M., foot of East 22nd Street 11:15 A. M. Leave Bridgeport 3:30 P. M.  
L. E. NICKERSON, Agent  
The New England Steamship Co.

**Feel Young Again**  
**CERTILAX (The Certified Laxative).**  
Beware of the habit of constipation. Coax the overworked bowel muscles back to normal action with CERTILAX, "the certain laxative." It is the favorite prescription of an eminent New York City specialist, selected by five hundred physicians, who have tried out thousands of laxatives and created CERTILAX as the best. They believe in gentleness, persistence and Nature's assistance. CERTILAX opens the bowels; their action is gentle yet positive, never accompanied by griping or pain. One night will give positive relief. CERTILAX IS FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES, or will be sent direct upon receipt of price. CURTIS CHEMICAL CO., 117 E. 24th St., NEW YORK. PRICE, 15c, 25c, 50c. One at night makes you right.

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Rooms with and without board, also houses to rent or lease. Full particulars desired. Address  
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**Wanted--**  
Elevator Operators for Electric Cable Freight Elevators and other work. Apply in person. Employment Office.  
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**MEDICINE FREE**  
We want the name of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

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Fare 60 Cents  
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**CERTILAX (The Certified Laxative).**  
Beware of the habit of constipation. Coax the overworked bowel muscles back to normal action with CERTILAX, "the certain laxative." It is the favorite prescription of an eminent New York City specialist, selected by five hundred physicians, who have tried out thousands of laxatives and created CERTILAX as the best. They believe in gentleness, persistence and Nature's assistance. CERTILAX opens the bowels; their action is gentle yet positive, never accompanied by griping or pain. One night will give positive relief. CERTILAX IS FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES, or will be sent direct upon receipt of price. CURTIS CHEMICAL CO., 117 E. 24th St., NEW YORK. PRICE, 15c, 25c, 50c. One at night makes you right.

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on  
**Investments**

Bridgeport lays taxes on all property owned by residents on September 1st, of each year. All residents of this City can pay a tax of four mills on the dollar on bonds, notes or other choses in action and exempt them from the much larger local tax, but this must be done BEFORE September 1st. Enquire of your banker or write to STATE TREASURER, at Hartford, about this.

**A HEAVY PENALTY**  
is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money to Bank is taxable.

F. S. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Treasurer.

**MONUMENTS**  
**M. A. SOLEUMS**  
**M. G. KEANE**  
Stratford Av., Opp. St. Michael's (Cath.)  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.  
Phone 1396-4 Phone 1256-4

**MONUMENTS**  
ARTISTIC—LASTING  
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools  
**HUGHES & CHAPMAN**  
300 STRATFORD AVENUE  
Phone Connection